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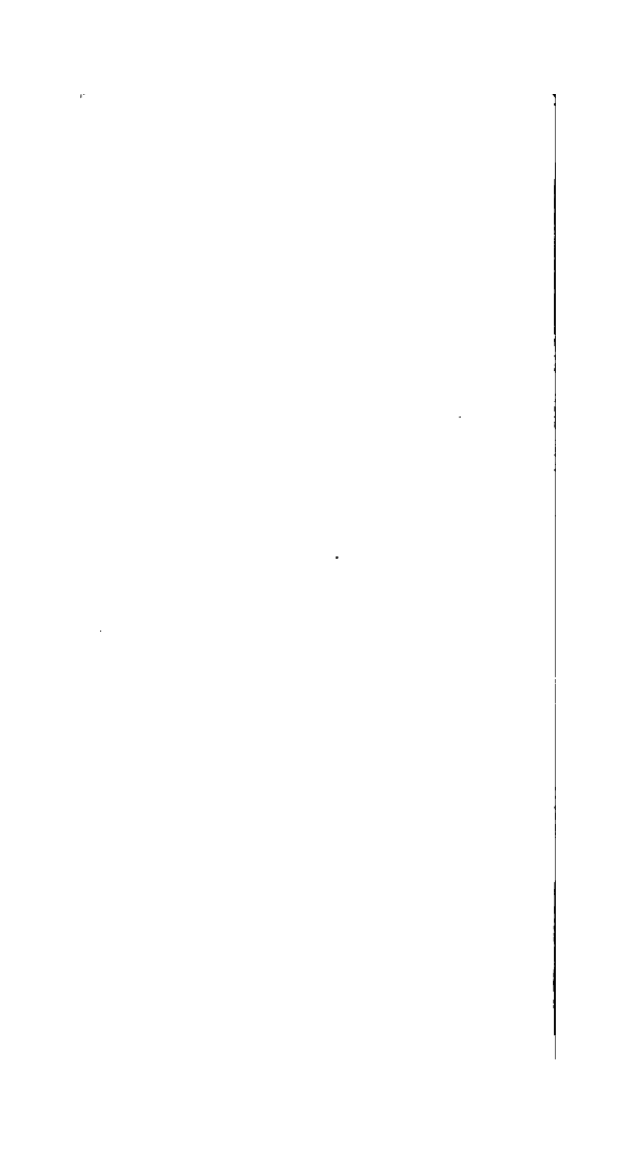
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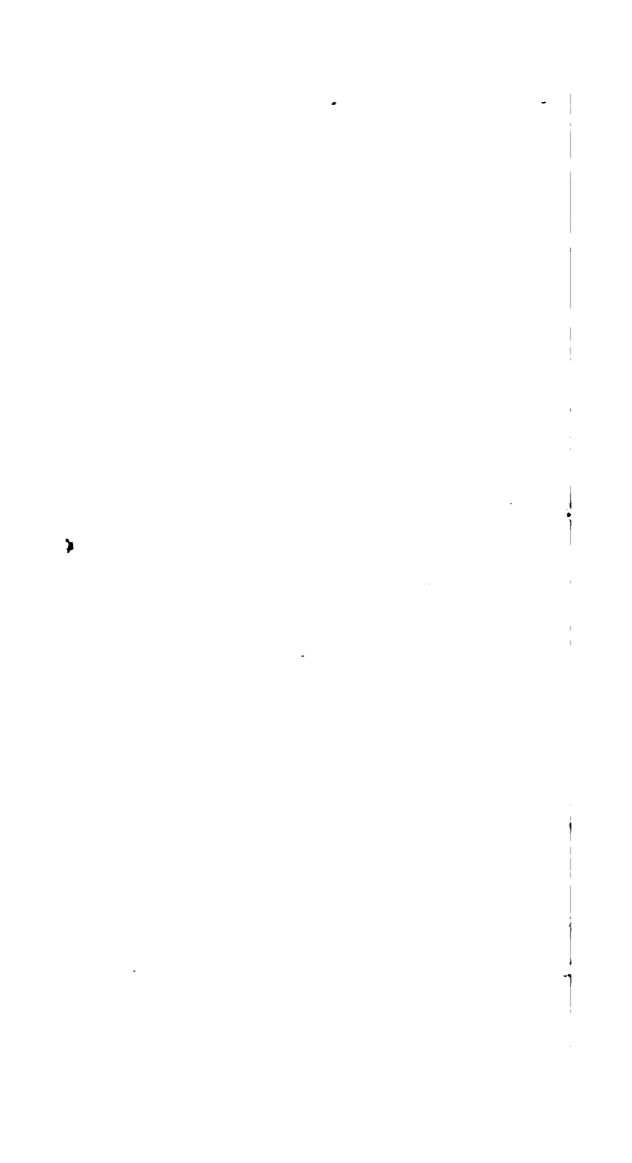
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LOVE POEMS
OF SHELLEY

JOHN LANE
LONDON & NEW YORK
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Love's Philosophy	1
Song: <i>Rarely, rarely, comest thou</i> .	2
To Constantia	4
A Lament	8
To Emelia Viviani	10
To — <i>I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden</i>	11
Lines: <i>When the lamp is shattered</i> .	12
Mutability	14
From the Arabic	16
To — <i>One word is too often profaned</i>	18
Music	19
Lines: <i>The cold earth slept below</i> .	21
To — <i>When passion's trance is overpast</i>	23





CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Past	24
To — <i>Mine eyes were dim with tears unshed.</i>	25
To — <i>Music, when soft voices die</i>	27
Lines to an Indian Air	28
A Bridal Song	30
Song on a Faded Violet	31
To-morrow	32
Song for Tasso	33
Ariette	35
From the "Magico Prodigioso"	37
From Plato	42
The Recollection	43
To — <i>The keen stars were twink- ling</i>	48
Fragments	50
From "Rosalind and Helen"	52
From "Hellas"	54
Good-night	56
Epipsychidion	57

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother :
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?




SONG

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight !
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night ?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure,
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost:
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING

THUS to be lost and thus to sink
 and die,
 Perchance were death indeed! —
 Constantia, turn!
 In thy dark eyes a power like light
 doth lie,
 Even though the sounds which were
 thy voice, which burn
 Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair,
 like odour it is yet,
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
 Even while I write, my burning
 cheeks are wet,
 Alas, that the torn heart can bleed,
 but not forget!

4





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

A breathless awe, like the swift
change

Unseen, but felt in youthful slum-
bers,

Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably
strange,

Thou breathest now in fast ascending
numbers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and
cloven

By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are
woven,

To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost
sphere,

Till the world's shadowy walls are
past and disappear.



Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—
it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and
lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy
fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental
strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes
quick—
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and
thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes ;
My heart is quivering like a flame ;
As morning dew, that in the sun-
beam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming
ecstasies.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

I have no life, Constantia, now, but
thee,

Whilst, like the world-surrounding
air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with
melody.

Now is thy voice a tempest swift
and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.

Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-
blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its
voluptuous flight.




A LAMENT

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone :
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
 The owlet Night resumes her reign,
 But the wild swan Youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow,
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
 Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
 Pansies let my flowers be :
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.



TO EMELIA VIVIANI

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou
 sent to me
 Sweet basil and mignonette?
 Embleming love and health, which
 never yet
 In the same wreath might be.
 Alas, and they are wet!
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
 For never rain or dew
 Such fragrance drew
 From plant or flower—the very doubt
 endears
 My sadness ever new,
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed
 for thee.



TO —

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine ;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine ;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.




LINES

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute :
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your
bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave the naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.



MUTABILITY

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies ;
All that we wish to stay,
 Tempt and then flies ;
What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
 Friendship too rare !
Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair !
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day ;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.




FROM THE ARABIC

AN IMITATION

MY faint spirit was sitting in the
light
Of thy looks, my love ;
It panted for thee like the hind at
noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the
tempest's flight
Bore thee far from me ;
My heart, for my weak feet were
weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleetest far than fleetest storm or
steed,
Or the death they bear,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

The heart which tender thought
clothes like a dove
With the wings of care ;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the
need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the com-
fort, love,
It may bring to thee.



TO —

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear,
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not,
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?



MUSIC

I PANT for the music which is
divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying
flower ;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted
wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle
rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.
Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet
sound,
More, O more,—I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has
bound
Upon my heart to stifle it ;
The dissolving strain, through every
vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver
lake;
When the hot noon has drained its
dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst
to slake—
And the violet lay dead while the
odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the
waters blue—

As one who drinks from a charmed
cup
Of foaming, and sparkling and mur-
muring wine
Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling
up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

: : : :

LINES

THE cold earth slept below ;
 Above the cold sky shone ;
 And all around,
 With a chilling sound,
 From caves of ice and fields of snow,
 The breath of night like death did flow
 Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black,
 The green grass was not seen,
 The birds did rest
 On the bare thorn's breast,
 Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
 Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
 Which the frost had made between.



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
Of the moon's dying light ;
As a fen-fire's beam,
On a sluggish stream,
Gleams dimly—so the moon shone
there,
And it yellowed the strings of thy
tangled hair
That shook in the wind of night.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved ;
The wind made thy bosom chill ;
The night did shed
On thy dear head
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
Where the bitter breath of the naked
sky
Might visit thee at will.

TO —

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
 If tenderness and truth could
 last

Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
 I should not weep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
 And dream the rest—and burn and be
 The secret food of fires unseen,
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
 The woodland violets reappear,
 All things revive in field or grove,
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,
 And for all others, life and love.



THE PAST

WILT thou forget the happy hours
 Which we buried in Love's
 sweet bowers,
 Heaping over their corpses cold
 Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
 There are ghosts that may take revenge
 for it,
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's
 gloom,
 And with ghastly whispers tell
 That joy, once lost, is pain.



TO —


MINE eyes were dim with tears un-
shed ;

Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou ;
My baffled looks did fear yet dread
To meet thy looks—I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which preys upon itself alone ;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scorned load of agony.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
The [] thou alone should be,
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near—Oh ! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity, fell like dew
On flowers half dead;—thy lips did
meet

Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes
threw

Thy soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

We are not happy, sweet; our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate;
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thou and me,

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor I can live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.



TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art
 gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.



LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright :
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how ?
 To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 Beloved as thou art !





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.



A BRIDAL SONG

THE golden gates of sleep unbar
 Where strength and beauty met
 together,

Kindle their image like a star

In a sea of glassy weather.

Night, with all thy stars look down,—

Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—

Never smiled the inconstant moon

On a pair so true.

Let eyes not see their own delight ;

Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight

Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her !

Holy stars, permit no wrong !

And return to wake the sleeper,

Dawn,—ere it be long.

Oh joy ! oh fear ! what will be done

In the absence of the sun !

Come along !



SONG, ON A FADED
VIOLET

THE odour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed
on me ;

The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glowed of thee, and only thee !

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is
warm

With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not !
I sigh—it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.



TO-MORROW

WHERE art thou, beloved To-
morrow?

Whom young and old and strong and
weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and
sorrow,

Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day



SONG FOR TASSO

I LOVED—alas! our life is love;
 But when we cease to breathe and
 move


I do suppose love ceases too.

I thought, but not as now I do,
 Keen thoughts and bright of linked
 lore,

Of all that men had thought before,
 And all that nature shows, and more.

And still I love and still I think,
 But strangely, for my heart can drink
 The dregs of such despair, and live,
 And love; []
 And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
 I mix the present with the past,
 And each seems uglier than the last.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY


Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O, Leonora, and I sit
[] still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's
edge.



ARIETTE

AS the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of
heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour
later
To-night:
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy' sweet voice re-
vealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and
feeling
Are one.



FROM THE
"MAGICO PRODIGIOSO"

ABYSS of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own
anarchy!

From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin
thoughts;

Let her chaste mind with fancies thick
as motes

Be peopled from thy shadowy deep, -
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be!

And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and
all things move
To love, only to love.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories ;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succour she may
borrow,

But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou
hast began.

What is the glory far above
All else in human life ?
Love ! love !

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed
not.

If all that lives must love or die,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—
Love! O love!

Thou melancholy thought which art
So fluttering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?—
Love! O love!

'Tis that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pur-
suing,—

To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thou thus thy boughs en-
twine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me,
sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—
Love! love! love!



FROM PLATO

KISSING Helena, together
With my kiss my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it—
For the poor thing had wandered
thither
To follow where the kiss should guide
it,
O, cruel I, to intercept it.



THE RECOLLECTION

NOW the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up to thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory dead,
For now the Earth has changed its
face,
A frown is on the Heavens' brow.

I

We wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home ;
The whispering waves were half
asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,

And on the bosom of the deep
 The smile of Heaven lay ;
 It seemed as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
 Which scattered from above the sun
 A light of Paradise.

II

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced ;
 And soothed by every azure breath
 That under heaven is blown,
 To harmonies and hues beneath,
 As tender as its own ;
 Now all the tree-tops lie asleep,
 Like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be.



III

How calm it was!—the silence there
 By such a chain was bound,
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller by her sound
 The inviolable quietness ;
 The breath of peace we drew,
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew.
 There seemed from the remotest seat
 Of the wide mountain waste,
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced,—
 A spirit interfused around
 A thrilling silent life,
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife ;—
 And still I felt the centre of
 The magic circle there,
 Was one fair form that filled with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.



IV

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
 Gulfed in a world below ;
 A firmament of purple light,
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night
 And purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew,
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighbouring
 lawn,
 And through the dark green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the
 dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Were imaged in the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in S——'s mind
Than calm in waters seen.

TO —

THE keen stars were twinkling,
 And the fair moon was rising
 among them,

Dear . . . !

The guitar was tinkling,
 But the notes were not sweet till you
 sang them

Again.

As the moon's cold splendour
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,

So your voice most tender
 To the strings without soul had then
 given

Its own.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

The stars will awaken
Though the moon sleep a full hour
later,
To-night ;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice re-
vealing

A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.



FRAGMENTS

FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA

HE came like a dream in the dawn
of life,
He fled like a shadow before its
noon ;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to
strife,
And I wander and wane like the
weary moon.
O sweet Echo wake,
And for my sake
Make answer the while my heart shall
break !

But my heart has a music which
Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can
answer not,



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And the' shadow that moves in the
soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now
forgot ;
Sweet lips ! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence worse
than death !



FROM

“ ROSALIND AND HELEN ”

“ **H**OW am I changed! my hopes
were once like fire :
I loved, and I believed that life was
love.
How am I lost! on wings of swift
desire
Among Heaven's winds my spirit
once did move.
I slept, and silver dreams did aye
inspire
My liquid sleep: I woke, and did
approve
All nature to my heart, and thought
to make
A paradise of earth for one sweet
sake.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

“ I love, but I believe in love no more.
I feel desire, but hope not. O, from
sleep
Most vainly must my weary brain
implore
Its long-lost flattery now: I wake
to weep,
And sit through the long day gnaw-
ing the core
Of my bitter heart, and, like a miser,
keep,
Since none in what I feel take pain
or pleasure,
To my own soul its self-consuming
treasure.”



FROM "HELLAS"

THE young moon has fed
 Her exhausted horn
 With the sunset's fire ;
 The weak day is dead,
 But the night is not born ;
 And, like loveliness panting with wild
 desire
 While it trembles with fear and de-
 light,
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,
 And pants in its beauty and speed with
 light
 Fast flashing, soft, and bright.
 Thou beacon of love ! thou lamp of the
 free !





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Guide us far far away
To climes where now veiled by the
ardour of day,
Thou art hidden
From waves on which weary noon
Faints in her summer swoon,
Between kingless continents sinless as
Eden,
Around mountains and islands inviol-
ably
Pranked on the sapphire sea.



GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour
is ill

Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its
flight?

Be it not said, thought, understood,
Then it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other
move

From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good night.



EPIPSYCHIDION

MY Song, I fear that thou wilt find
 but few
 Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
 Of such hard matter dost thou en-
 tertain ;
 Whence, if by misadventure, chance
 should bring
 Thee to base company (as chance may
 do),
 Quite unaware of what thou dost con-
 tain,
 I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again,
 My last delight ! tell them that they
 are dull,
 And bid them own that thou art
 beautiful.

Sweet Spirit ! Sister of that orphan
 one,






LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Whose empire is the name thou
weepst on,
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of withered
memory.

Poor captive bird! who, from thy
narrow cage,
Pourest such music, that it might
assuage
The rugged hearts of those who
prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody:
This song shall be thy rose: its petals
pale
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightin-
gale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded
blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy
bosom.






LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

High, spirit - winged Heart ! who
dost for ever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain
endeavour,
Till those bright plumes of thought,
in which arrayed
It over-soared this low and worldly
shade,
Lie shattered ; and thy panting,
wounded breast
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal
nest !
I weep vain tears : blood would less
bitter be,
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it
profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven ! too gentle to be
human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of
Woman



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the Eternal
Curse!

Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou
living Form

Among the Dead! Thou Star above
the Storm!

Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and
thou Terror!

Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou
Mirror

In whom, as in the splendour of the
Sun,

All shapes look glorious which thou
gazest on!

Ay, even the dim words which obscure
thee now

Flash, lightning-like, with unaccus-
tomed glow;






LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

I pray thee that thou blot from this
sad song
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start
like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul
darkens through,
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to
see
Youth's vision thus made perfect.
Emily,
I love thee ; though the world by no
thin name
Will hide that love, from its unvalued
shame.
Would we two had been twins of the
same mother !
Or, that the name my heart lent to
another





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Could be a sister's bond for her and thee.
Blending two beams of one eternity!
Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, though dear, could paint
not, as is due,
How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah
me!

I am not thine: I am a part of *thee*

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse
has burnt its wings,
Or, like a dying swan who soars and
sings,
Young Love should teach Time, in his
own grey style,
All that thou art. Art thou not void
of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and
blest?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and
music are,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Vanquishing dissonance and gloom?

A Star

Which moves not in the moving
Heavens, alone?

A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle
tone

Amid rude voices? a beloved light?

A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?

A Lute, which those who love has
taught to play

Make music on, to soothe the roughest
day

And lull fond grief asleep? a buried
treasure?


A cradle of young thoughts of wingless
pleasure?

A violet-shrouded grave of Woe?—I
measure

The world of fancies, seeking one like
thee,

And find—alas! mine own infirmity.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

She met me, Stranger, upon life's
rough way,
And lured me towards sweet Death ; as
Night by Day
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift
Hope,
Led into light, life, peace. An ante-
lope,
In the suspended impulse of its light-
ness,
Were less ethereally light : the bright-
ness
Of her divinest presence trembles
through
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of
dew
Embodied in the windless Heaven of
June,
Amid the splendour-winged stars, the
Moon
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful :





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And from her lips, as from a hyacinth
full
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
Killing the sense with passion; sweet
as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance
In her mild lights the starry spirits
dance,
The sunbeams of those wells which
ever leap
Under the lightnings of the soul—too
deep
For the brief fathom-line of thought
or sense.
The glory of her being, issuing thence,
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a
warm shade
Of unentangled intermixture made
By Love, of light and motion: one in-
tense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Whose flowing outlines mingle in their
 flowing
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers
 glowing
With the unintermitted blood, which
 there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning
 quiver),
Continuously prolonged, and ending
 never,
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty
 furled
Which penetrates and clasps and fills
 the world ;
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her
 light dress,
And her loose hair ; and where some
 heavy tress
The air of her own speed has disentwined,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

The sweetest seems to satiate the faint
wind ;
And in the soul a wild odour is felt,
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that
melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud.
See where she stands ! a mortal shape
endued
With love and life, and light and deity,
And motion which may change but
cannot die ;
An image of some bright Eternity ;
A shadow of some golden dream ; a
Splendour
Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a
tender
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love
Under whose motions life's dull billows
move ;
A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and
Morning ;





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

A Vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the
Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Ah! woe is me!
What have I dared? where am I lifted?
how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I
know
That Love makes all things equal: I
have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth
averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with
God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of
the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! O
too late





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Beloved ! O too soon adored, by me !
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have wor-
shipped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine ;
Or should have moved beside it on this
earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its
birth ;
But not as now :—I love thee ; yes, I
feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and
bright
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast
delight.
We—are we not formed, as notes of
music are,
For one another, though dissimilar ;
Such differences without discord, as
can make





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Those sweetest sounds, in which all
spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous
air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids
me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts
are wrecked.

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should
select

Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise,
commend

To cold oblivion, though it is in the
code

Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary
footsteps tread,

Who travel to their home among the
dead





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

By the broad highway of the world, and
so,
With one chained friend, perhaps a
jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey
go.

True love in this differs from gold
and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows
bright
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy
light,
Imagination! which, from earth and
sky,
And from the depths of human fantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors,
fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and
kills




LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Error, the worm, with many a sun-
like arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that
contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that
creates
One object, and one form, and builds
thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in
this :
Evil from good ; misery from happi-
ness ;
The baser from the nobler ; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must
endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you
may
Diminish till it is consumed away ;





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

If you divide pleasure and love and
thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we
know not
How much, while any yet remains
unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow
spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence
sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the
eternal law
By which those live, to whom this
world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit
oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far
aloft,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

In the clear golden prime of my youth's
dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and
the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremu-
lous floor
Paved her light steps ;—on an imagined
shore,
Under the grey beak of some promon-
tory
She met me, robed in such exceeding
glory,
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the
whispering woods,
And from the fountains and the odours
deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring
in their sleep





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Of the sweet kisses which had lulled
them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured
air ;
And from the breezes whether low or
loud,
And from the rain of every passing
cloud,
And from the singing of the summer
birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In
the words
Of antique verse and high romance,—
in form,
Sound, colour — in whatever checks
that Storm
Which with the shattered present
chokes the past
And in that best philosophy, whose
taste



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Makes this cold common hell, our life,
a doom

As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.

Then from the caverns of my dreary
youth

I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes
of fire,

And towards the loadstar of my one
desire,

I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose
flight

Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's set-
ting sphere

A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.

But She, whom prayers or tears then
could not tame,

Past, like a God throned on a winged
planet,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Whose burning plumes to tenfold
 swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's
 shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dis-
 mayed,
I would have followed, though the
 grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are
 unseen:
When a voice said :—" O thou of hearts
 the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou
 seekest."
Then I—" Where?" the world's echo
 answered " Where!"
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind
 that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it
 knew





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my
soul ;
And murmured names and spells which
have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;
But neither prayer nor verse could
dissipate
The night which closed on her ; nor
uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine
and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,
The world I say of thoughts that wor-
shipped her :
And therefore I went forth, with hope
and fear
And every gentle passion sick to
death,
Feeding my course with expectation's
breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life ;





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And struggling through its error with
vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and
my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I
past
Seeking among those untaught foresters
If I could find one form resembling hers,
In which she might have masked her-
self from me.
There,—One, whose voice was venomed
melody
Sate by a well, under blue nightshade
bowers ;
The breath of her false mouth was like
faint flowers,
Her touch was as electric poison,—
flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And from her living cheeks and bosom
flew





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

A killing air, which pierced like
honey-dew
Into the core of my green heart, and
lay
Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown
grey
O'er a young brow, they hid its
unblown prime
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought.
And some were fair—but beauty dies
away :
Others were wise—but honied words
betray,
And One was true—oh ! why not true
to me ?
Then, as a hunted deer that could not
flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood
at bay,



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Wounded and weak and panting ; the
cold day
Trembled, for pity of my strife and
pain.

When, like a noonday dawn, there
shone again

Deliverance. One stood on my path
who seemed

As like the glorious shape which I had
dreamed,

As is the Moon whose changes ever
run

Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;
The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of
Heaven's bright isles,

Who makes all beautiful on which she
smiles.

That wandering shrine of soft yet icy
flame

Which ever is transformed, yet still the
same,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And warms not but illumes. Young
and fair

As the descended Spirit of that sphere,
She hid me, as the Moon may hide the
night

From its own darkness, until all was
bright

Between the Heaven and Earth of my
calm mind.

And as a cloud charioted by the wind,
She led me to a cave in that wild place,
And sate beside me, with her down-
ward face

Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.

And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the Moon's image in the summer
sea,

According as she smiled or frowned on
me ;





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And there I lay, within a chaste cold
bed :

Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead :
For at her silver voice came Death and
Life,

Unmindful each of their accustomed
strife,

Masked like twin babes, a sister and
a brother,

The wandering hopes of one abandoned
mother,

And through the cavern without wings
they flew,

And cried, " Away, he is not of our
crew."

I wept, and though it be a dream, I
weep.

What storms then shook the ocean
of my sleep,

Blotting that Moon, whose pale and
waning lips



Then shrank as in the sickness of
 eclipse ;
 And how my soul was as a lampless
 sea,
 And who was then its Tempest ; and
 when She,
 The Planet of that hour, was quenched,
 what frost
 Crept o'er those waters, till from coast
 to coast
 The moving billows of my being fell
 Into a death of ice, immovable ;
 And then—what earthquakes made it
 gape and split,
 The white Moon smiling all the while
 on it,
 These words conceal :—If not, each
 word would be
 The key of staunchless tears. Weep
 not for me !



At length, into the obscure Forest
 came
 The Vision I had sought through grief
 and shame.
 Athwart that wintry wilderness of
 thorns
 Flashed from her motion splendour
 like the Morn's,
 And from her presence life was radiated
 Through the grey earth and branches
 bare and dead,
 So that her way was paved, and roofed
 above
 With flowers as soft as thoughts of
 budding love ;
 And music from her respiration spread
 Like light,—all other sounds were
 penetrated
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that
 sound,






LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

So that the savage winds hung mute
around,
And odours warm and fresh fell from
her hair
Dissolving the dull cold in the frore
air :
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this
glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my Spirit, and the dream-
ing clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed
below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's
glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long
night
Was penetrating me with living light :
I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
So many years—that it was Emily.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Twin Spheres of light who rule this
passive Earth,
This world of love, this *me*; and into
birth
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and
dart
Magnetic might into its central heart ;
And lift its billows and its mists, and
guide
By everlasting laws, each wind and
tide
To its fit cloud, and its appointed
cave,
And lull its storms, each in the craggy
grave
Which was its cradle, luring to faint
bowers
The armies of the rainbow-wingèd
showers ;
And, as those married lights, which
from the towers





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Of Heaven look forth and fold the
wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe ;
And all their many-mingled influence
blend,
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;
So ye, bright regents, with alternate
sway
Govern my sphere of being, night and
day !
Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed
might,
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light ;
And, through the shadow of the sea-
sons three,
From Spring to Autumn's serematurity,
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
Where it may ripen to a brighter
bloom.
Thou, too, O Comet, beautiful and
fierce,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Who drew the heart of this frail Uni-
verse
Towards thine own ; till, wrecked in
that convulsion,
Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent
in twain ;
Oh, float into our azure heaven again !
Bethere love's folding-star at thy return :
The living Sun will feed thee from its
urn
Of golden fire ; the Moon will veil her
horn
In thy last smiles ; adoring Even and
Morn
Will worship thee with incense of
calm breath
And lights and shadows ; as the star of
Death
And Birth is worshipped by those
sisters wild



Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart
 are piled
 Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine
 A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,
 Scorn not these flowers of thought, the
 fading birth
 Which from its heart of hearts that
 plant put forth
 Whose fruit made perfect by thy sunny
 eyes,
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly
 with me.
 To whatsoever of dull mortality
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still ;
 To the intense, the deep, the imperish-
 able,
 Not mine but me, henceforth be thou
 united





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.

Thine hour is come:—the destined
Star has risen

Which shall descend upon a vacant
prison.

The walls are high, the gates are
strong, thick set

The sentinels—but true love never
yet

Was thus constrained: it overleaps all
fence:

Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's
free breath,

Which he who grasps can hold not;
liker Death,

Who rides upon a thought, and makes
his way

Through temple, tower, and palace,
and the array



Of arms : more strength has Love than
he or they.

For it can burst his charnel, and make
free

The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's
brow,

There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path
before ;

The halcyons brood around the foam-
less isles ;

The treacherous Ocean has forsworn
its wiles ;

The merry mariners are bold and free :
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail
with me ?

Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest



Is a far Eden of the purple East ;
 And we between her wings will sit,
 while Night
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue
 their flight
 Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
 It is an isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
 And, for the harbours are not safe and
 good,
 This land would have remained a soli-
 tude
 But for some pastoral people native
 there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and
 golden air
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
 Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen
 home,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

With ever-changing sound and light
and foam
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns
hoar ;
And all the winds wandering along
the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide :
There are thick woods where sylvan
forms abide ;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and
pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats
and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but
once a year),
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers,
and halls
Built round with ivy, which the
waterfalls



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales ;
And all the place is peopled with sweet
 airs ;
The light clear element which the isle
 wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-
 flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with
 unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint
 sleep ;
And from the moss violets and jonquils
 peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through
 the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious
 pain.
And every motion, odour, beam and
 tone,
With that deep music is in unison ;



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Which is a soul within the soul—they
seem

Like echoes of an antenatal dream.

It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth,
and Sea,

Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of
young air.

It is a favoured place. Famine or
Blight,

Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never
light

Upon its mountain peaks; blind
vultures, they

Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The winged storms, chanting their
thunder-psalm

To other lands, leave azure chasms of
calm





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Over this isle, or weep themselves in
dew,
From which its fields and woods ever
renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from
the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and
bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some de-
light,
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw
aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveli-
ness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess:
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the Eternal, whose own
smile





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Unfolds itself, and may be felt not seen
O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and
forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or
how
None of the rustic island-people know ;
'Tis not a tower of strength, though
with its height
It overtops the woods ; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere
crime
Had been invented, in the world's
young prime,
Reared it, a wonder of that simple
time,
An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
It scarce seems now a wreck of human
art,
But, as it were Titanic ; in the heart



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Of Earth having assumed its form, then
grown
Out of the mountains, from the living
stone,
Lifting itself in caverns light and
high:
For all the antique and learned imagery
Has been erased, and in the place of
it
The ivy and the wild-vine interknit
The volumes of their many-twining
stems;
Parasite flowers illumine with dewy
gems
The lampless halls, and when they
fade, the sky
Peeps through their winter-woof of
tracery
With moonlight patches, or star atoms
keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense
serene;



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Working mosaic on their Parian floors,
And, day and night, aloof, from the
 high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and
 dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods,
 rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I
 have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude.
And I have fitted up some chambers
 there
Looking towards the golden Eastern
 air,
And level with the living winds,
 which flow
Like waves above the living waves
 below.





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high
spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present
last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but
cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity.
Our simple life wants little, and true
taste
Hires not the pale drudge, Luxury, to
waste
The scene it would adorn, and therefore
still,
Nature, with all her children, haunts
the hill.
The ringdove, in the embowering ivy,
yet
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls
flit



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Round the evening tower, and the
young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twi-
light dance;
The spotted deer bask in the fresh
moonlight
Before our gate, and the slow, silent
night
Is measured by the pants of their calm
sleep.
Be this our home in life, and when
years heap
Their withered hours, like leaves, on
our decay,
Let us become the overhanging day,
The living soul of this Elysian isle,
Conscious, inseparable, one. Mean-
while
We two will rise, and sit, and walk
together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue
 heavens bend
With lightest winds, to touch their
 paramour ;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven
 shore,
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—
Possessing and possessed by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and
 live
Be one:—or, at the noontide hour,
 arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet
 to keep
The moonlight of the expired night
 asleep,
Through which the awakened day can
 never peep ;



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

A veil for our seclusion, close as
Night's,
Where secure sleep may kill thine
innocent lights ;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love,
the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they
burn again.
And we will talk, until thought's
melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it
die
In words, to live again in looks, which
dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless
heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms
bound,
And our veins beat together ; and our
lips,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

With other eloquence than words,
eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and
the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost
cells,
The fountains of our deepest life shall
be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morn-
ing Sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be
one
Spirit within two frames, oh! where-
fore two?
One passion in twin-hearts, which
grows and grew
Till, like two meteors of expanding
flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become
the same,





LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever
still

Burning, yet ever inconsumable :
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and
unimbued

To nourish their bright lives with
baser prey,

Which point to Heaven and cannot
pass away :

One hope within two wills, one will
beneath

Two overshadowing minds, one life,
one death,


One Heaven, one Hell, one immortal-
ity,

And one annihilation. Woe is me !

The winged words on which my soul
would pierce

Into the height of love's rare Uni-
verse,





LOVE POEMS OF SHILLEY

Are chains of lead around its flight of
fire.

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

Weak Verses go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say:—"We are the masters of
thy slave;
What wouldest thou with us and ours
and thine?"

Then call your sisters from Oblivion's
cave,

All singing loud: "Love's very pain
is sweet,

But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond
the grave."

So shall ye live when I am there.

Then haste

Over the hearts of men, until ye meet



LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY

Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be
blest :

And leave the troop which errs, and
which reproves.

And come and be my guest,—for I am
Love's.





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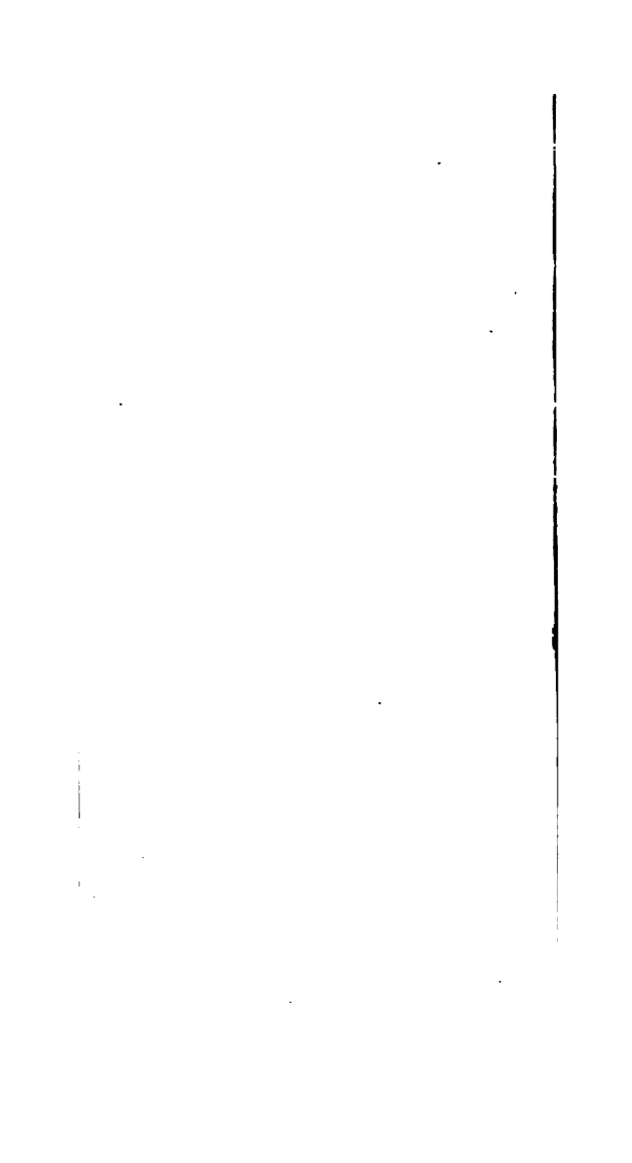


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